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1909

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home

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THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
From a photograph taken at Hammerfest, the most northerly city in the world.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 1, 1909

NO. 6

First Sunday School in the Rocky Mountains.

It is nearly sixty years since the first Sunday School in the Rocky Mountains was organized; and since many Sunday Schools are referring to this fact in their conference programs this year, we take pleasure in reprinting the following account from the "Jubilee History of the Latter-day Saints Sunday Schools."

To Elder Richard Ballantyne is due the credit for establishing the first Latter-day Saints Sunday School in Utah, which in fact was the first organization of the kind in the Rocky Mountain region. Brother Ballantyne came to Salt Lake valley in the fall of 1848—the year after its first settlement by the Latter-day Saints—and located in the "Old Fort" which was erected on what is now known as "Pioneer Square," in the southwestern quarter of Salt Lake City.

In the Spring of 1849 he conceived the idea of establishing a Sunday School, and soon after he began preparations for building a house in which to hold the school he had in contemplation, and which would also serve as a residence for himself and family. He had at this time already moved from the Fort, and was living on his city lot, situated on what is now the corner of First West and Third South Streets, in the Fourteenth Ward. Here he had built one small room, which he used for a summer kitchen. Having two wagons, he used one for a sleeping apartment and the other

for a store room. As many other men did in those early days, Brother Ballantyne built his own house, doing the greater part of the work himself. To obtain material for the erection of the building he went to Mill Creek Canyon, southeast of the city, and cut down trees to provide the necessary timber. The logs thus secured he took to the mill to be sawed on shares, and then hauled his share down to his home. He procured rock from the quarry in Red Butte Canyon and "adobes" from the old yard in the western part of the city, where they were made in those days. Then, during the time he could spare from other labors necessary to provide food, he put up the walls of the structure. He did all the masonry and all the carpenter work with the exception of making the window sashes and the doors.

The room to be used for school purposes was built in front of and adjoining the smaller room which he had put up earlier in the year. When completed, the new addition formed the principal part of the building, the room used as a summer kitchen forming a "lean-to" at the rear. As this house was what might be considered one typical of those days a more detailed description of it will be of interest.

Its foundation was of roughly dressed red sandstone and the walls were of "adobes"—large, sun-dried bricks. The school room was twen-

ty feet long and eighteen feet wide (outside measurements), and was about ten feet from the foundation to the square of the walls, or as we would now say from floor to ceiling, but this room had no ceiling, although it had a floor of dressed lumber. The rafters were dressed logs. Across these logs boards were placed and the crevices between the boards were covered with slabs; the whole roof was then overlaid with several inches of soil. The house faced the street on the west. The large room was well lighted, having two windows in front and a window and a door, the upper part of which was glass, on the south side. The finished work in the building was painted and the walls were plastered on the inside. Benches for seating the pupils were made of wooden slabs. They were simply constructed by making holes in the slabs and fastening legs in them. The room was heated from an open fire-place in the south end of it.

On the west and south sides of the lot on which this building stood was a plain pole fence. With a view to beautifying the surrounds of his new home, and to provide a shade in summer, Brother Ballantyne had, during the Spring when he first located there, procured from City Creek Canyon a number of young native cottonwood trees, which he planted about his place.

When the building was completed, the children of the neighborhood were invited in for the purpose of forming a Sunday School. Quite a number of children responded to this invitation and at the first session held the room was pretty well filled. This was on Sunday, the 9th day of December, 1849, and at this time Elder Ballantyne was both superintendent and teach-

er. His wife and child were there with the gathered children and in the presence of all assembled on that memorable day he dedicated by prayer the room for the purpose for which it was designed. Among the children who attended this school were members of the families of Apostles John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Parley P. Pratt and Franklin D. Richards, as well as children of other prominent families; and it may be here stated that several of the pupils of this school have since attained prominence in the Church.

During the first year the school numbered about fifty pupils. The children's names were not enrolled, nor were minutes of the proceedings taken. The exercises began with singing and prayer, as is customary in Sunday Schools now. After the opening exercises a scripture lesson was presented. The pupils furnished their own books, such as the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. The pupils were mostly small, ranging from eight or nine to fourteen years of age, and the lessons were chiefly from the New Testament. The children took a delight in attending the school, and there was no trouble in getting them there, although it opened at eight o'clock in the morning. In those days general Sabbath services were held at ten o'clock a. m., and the school dismissed in time to give its members an opportunity to attend them.

Elder Ballantyne at this time was second counselor to John Murdock, the bishop of the ward, who was in full accord with what his co-worker was doing to educate the youth in the principles of the Gospel.

In referring to the motive he had in organizing this Sunday School, Elder Ballantyne remarked that he

saw a need for such an institution. "I felt," said he, "that the Gospel was too precious to myself to be withheld from the children. They ought to have the privilege of Gospel teaching, and that was the main purpose—to teach them the Gospel—because I felt it was very precious to me, and I thought it would be precious to them; and it was my duty to do that."

The school continued in Brother Ballantyne's house for about a year. During the summer of 1850 a meeting house was built in the Four-

teenth Ward, and as soon as it was completed the school moved into it. Brother Ballantyne continued as superintendent, but he now received some assistance. Brother Joseph Horne and Phineas Richards were assistant superintendents, and several others acted as teachers, the school being divided into a number of classes.

In 1852 Elder Ballantyne went upon a three years' mission to India, and Brother Joseph Horne succeeded him as superintendent of the school.

June Twenty-Seventh, Eighteen Forty-Four.

By Ruth M. Fox.

*Hang your heads ye blossoms fair,
Roses white, roses red;
Drop your petals pure and fair
With the dead, with the dead.*

*Flood your bursting hearts with tears,
Roses red, roses white;
Lo! your tragic day appears
Black as night, black as night.*

*Sun, behind a darkling cloud,
Hide thy ray, hide thy ray!
Let all nature cry aloud—
Sad the day, sad the day.*

*June, this day the prophets fell,
There they lay, there they lay.
Martyred by the fiends of hell,
Woe the day, woe the day.*

*Lambs unto the slaughter led,
O my God! O my God!
For the truth their blood was shed—
Stained the sod, stained the sod.*

*To the world they bade farewell,
Roses white, roses red,
Now their greatness angels tell
Glorious dead, glorious dead.*

Written for the Juvenile.

The Ogress.

By Doris.

"See here, sissy, if you don't keep in your own lot I'll get the policeman after you."

The biggest mud-pie of all fell from my dirty hands, and I looked up at the speaker. It was the ogress. I trembled. This was the first time I had seen her so close.

"I thought your mother didn't allow you outside the gate," she continued, in her gruff voice. "How did you get in here?"

"Climbed the fence."

"Well, suppose you climb back," she said, with such a look that I did not stand upon the order of my going, but went at once.

When I was safely hidden among the gooseberry bushes in the next lot, I took a good look at her. The large, bare feet, fixed as firmly and easily on a heap of stones as if it had been a velvet carpet, first attracted my attention. Then my eyes traveled up the loose, slouchy skirt, over the torn, ill-fitting waist, and rested with childish curiosity on her face. It was not a pleasant face. It was deeply wrinkled; the features were large, and each wore a different scowl. Her grey hair hung about her face in thin, untidy strands.

In her left hand she held an immense coal-oil can. The top had been taken off, and two holes made opposite each other through which a stick had been thrust. This served the purpose of a basket, and was now filled with scraps of bread. In her right hand she had a willow with which she alternately "shooed" the chickens and coaxed them up again by fastening a bit of bread on the end of it.

Suddenly she caught sight of me and shook the switch with a will. "You had better keep home," she shouted, and vanished into her hovel.

There was just one lot between my home and the ground of the ogress. The next day I went into this lot to play with some children. They had a bench under the trees and were just preparing for a glorious time when the ogress made her appearance. The bench extended just one-half an inch into her ground. It was too much for human nature, such as hers, and, in a great passion, she picked up the bench and threw it away with such force that its back was broken. I found myself unconsciously rubbing my hand over the long row of buttons down the back of my dress. What if she had treated me in the same way yesterday? For a long time I kept away from Mrs. Grale.

But I grew bigger and started to school. A person can save so much time by going to school cross-lots that, of course, it seemed the proper thing to pass through Mrs. Grale's lot. As usual, she objected. Now one individual must not stop the progress of a whole community, and so many of us school-children had to go through that it became a great annoyance to have her continually at our heels. But it was fun when she would chase us. We used to send her ugly valentines; we used to catch her chickens and pretend to wring their necks; and we used to take her wild-plum blossoms. We all had plenty of wild plum blossoms at home, but they

were not nearly so pretty as hers were.

One day I came up the street alone. The ogress was standing by her gate. I stepped out near the ditch, so that I would have room to run, and said mischievously, "Hello, Mrs. Grale."

She looked at me impatiently.

"I have a good notion to tell your ma," she said; "you killed my chicken."

"I didn't," I answered. "I caught it, but I didn't hurt it."

"Somebody killed it."

"It wasn't me. Honest and truth, I didn't."

"Well, if you weren't always up to something, I could believe you better."

"Well, I'm not telling you a lie," I flared, "and if you say I am, I'm glad your old chicken is killed!"

Then I expected the gate to fly

open. But it remained closed, and the old woman behind it looked frowningly at me, then turned and walked away.

I did not tease her any more, and rarely saw her.

But one day I again saw her standing at the gate. I knew more about her now and felt sorry for her. It seemed to me that she must be very lonely living there in that old place, with only her cat and chickens to keep her company, while her only son lived in the fine house her wealth had bought him. The last time I had seen her at the gate came to my mind. I felt ashamed. A desire to atone for the past seized me.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grale? Don't you want some violets?" I said, holding them out to her.

A look of pleasure came into her face.



"Oh, can you spare 'em? Don't give all to me—just a few."

From that moment we were good friends. She ceased to be the ogress and became only a poor, lonely old woman, whom to treat kindly was a duty and a happiness.

The years passed and still we met often. Her smile grew brighter, but her step weakened. There came a time when I met her no more. I went to the house. All the doors were locked. The chickens were running about on the inside, and the cat, more dead than alive, was crouching on the doorstep.

I found out that she was very ill, and had been taken to her son's home. I smiled a little bitterly as I entered his gate. I went to the back

door and was shown into a little, dark room just inside. She was in bed, watched by a nurse. I suppose she never saw her daughter-in-law. I scarcely knew her, she was so changed. She did not speak, but she looked glad when I entered.

When I arose to go she said, feebly, "I can't talk, but I like to see you."

I went again and again. Once more she slowly stretched her hand out to me and whispered, "I like—to see—you."

When I went again, it was to place a bunch of roses on her coffin-lid. She looked so peaceful and so happy lying there! I was glad to know she was at rest, and hoped that some day the ogress and I should meet again.

LIVE ANEW.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

**Golden sun and purple shadows
Robe the hills with glory rare,
Gurgling streams and fragrant blossoms
Make the valley wondrous fair.**

**Fleet-winged, silver-throated birdlings
Trill their songs from mourn till eve—
Songs of hope and faith and gladness—
Doubting souls, awake, believe!**

**Azure sky and shimm'ring starlight,
Moonbeams glinting diamonds dew,
Fearful heart, look up, be thankful—
With the springtime live anew.**

How Man Learned to Know About Jesus.

By O. J. P. W.

In the Bible we are told that in six days the Lord God made the heavens and the earth. Of course that does not mean six days such as these we have now. We are told that a day with the Lord is as a thousand years with man, and a thousand years as one day. That is to say, a day with the Lord is a very, very long time, even as a thousand years is a long time to man; and yet the measurement of time with the Lord is on so great a scale that a thousand years seems to him only as one day seems to man. The six days in which the earth was made were, then, six long periods of time. In each period a special kind of work was done; and the period did not close until the work of the period was finished.

It was on the sixth day—or in the sixth period of creation—that Jesus caused the earth “to bring forth the living creatures after their kind, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after their kind.” On the sixth day, too, God counseled with those associated with him, and said, “Let us now go down and form man in our image, after our likeness; and we will give them dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.” So Jesus and his associates were sent down to the earth, and they organized man “in their own image; in the image of the Gods.”

You may be sure that the spirits in heaven were anxious to go down to the new earth. For a very long time they had seen the earth forming, and had watched it become

slowly more and more nearly perfect. Now that everything was fully prepared the spirits could hardly wait to receive their bodies of flesh. Even the lukewarm spirits, those who had taken no very active part in the battle against the rebellious Lucifer—for there were some of those, too, you know—became anxious now to go to their new home. All through heaven there passed a wave of unrest. The spirits were eager and anxious. So God the Father ordered that the work of filling the earth with people should begin.

It was then that Jesus caused the elements of the earth to come together and form the body of man. He took man’s spirit from heaven and put it into the body, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the spirit and the body united became a living soul. And man, the living soul, was in the exact image and likeness of God—possessing a spirit and a body of flesh.

The first heavenly being to come to the earth was Michael, the great archangel, who had led the armies of heaven. Michael was one of the very great and noble ones. He had been with Jesus during all the ages while the earth was forming, and had helped to organize it. Now Michael became the first man upon the earth. His name was changed to Adam. And when he came to the earth he forgot everything that had happened before. He remembered no more the council in heaven, nor the war, nor even how he came to his new home. He knew only that he was there. A woman was given to Adam to be his wife.

Her name on the earth was called Eve, which means "the mother of all living." And Eve was in the exact image of her mother in heaven, the celestial companion of God the Father.

Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, were placed in a very delightful land called Eden. Eastward in the land of Eden was a choice and beautiful garden, and Adam and Eve were put in the garden to keep it. There they lived happily for many days. They gave names to all the animals on the land, and to all the birds in the air, and to the fishes in the sea. Adam and Eve knew them all, and lived with them all in peace and love. For love still filled the world. There was no evil in it yet.

But one day the woman was sorely tempted, and sinned. Lucifer, the outcast Son of the Morning, deceived her. He came to her like a serpent and made her believe that she might break one of her Father's commandments, yet suffer no ill. When God placed her and Adam in the Garden of Eden he said to them, "Of every tree of the garden ye may freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, ye shall not eat of it: for in the day that ye eat thereof ye shall surely die." Now Satan came to her as a serpent and denied the sacred word of God, saying falsely, "Behold, now, ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes will be opened, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." When Eve saw that the fruit of the tree was sweet, and delicious, and good for food, and when she thought that the mere eating of it would make her wise, she was overcome by the cunning words of Satan and took of the fruit and ate it. Then she took of

the fruit and gave to her husband, and he, too, ate of it. And so she sinned; and because his wife had sinned, Adam sinned, too. Thus evil and wrong-doing were brought into a sinless world through the treacherous cunning of Lucifer.

Now everything in the world became immediately changed. Love no longer filled the world, but evil seemed to fill it entirely. The animals lived no more together in peace. Fierce enmity grew up between them, and they fought with each other, and devoured each other. Thorns and thistles and troublesome weeds grew up where before had been only sweet herbs and flowers and beautiful trees. The whole earth became barren and dreary. Its former beauty and glory disappeared forever. Adam and Eve were cast out of the delightful garden of Eden, and driven into the lone and dreary world. There they had to labor hard, and sweat, to gain their daily bread. Every day was a day of bitterness. Weeds sprang up in the new-turned soil and came near to choke the precious grain. The savage beasts of the now wild and untamed earth destroyed in a single night what it had taken days to build up. The storms beat down and destroyed the fruits of the field on the very eve of the harvest. A sacred commandment of God had been broken: this was the punishment.

"In the day that ye eat thereof," the Lord had said, "ye shall surely die." And so it was; for the moment Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit they were shut out from the presence of God. They suffered spiritual death. They never saw Him face to face again, nor spoke to Him face to face, as they had done before their fall. Moreover, the moment they sinned, both

Adam and Eve became mortal. Before, they had been immortal; they had not been subject to death. In their first condition they could have lived on forever. But now their natures became changed. With the first sin, death came into the world. So when they had lived to become old, Adam and Eve must die at the last, and their bodies must be returned to the ground. They could never rise again; and because of the spiritual death, their spirits could never return to the Father. And the same penalty of eternal death, physical and spiritual, must come, too, to all the children of Adam, as long as there should be people upon the earth. Everyone must die and remain forever in the grave. A sacred commandment of God had been broken: this was the penalty.

Truly the thought of never again returning to the presence of God caused Adam great sorrow and pain. He did not know that God had long ago foreseen this fall. He had forgotten that a Savior had been chosen in a great council in heaven to atone for this very sin. He knew only that their sin had brought death upon them; and the terrible thought made the world seem even more lonely and hopeless than it was.

Day after day Adam toiled to gain his daily bread. When he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, the Lord God had said to him, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and this curse came to be to him a blessing. In his labor he found comfort. He tilled the earth and learned to have dominion over the beasts of the field. And in the new joy of profitable work and the exercise of conscious power, he forgot in part his sorrow and his pain—or perhaps he became reconciled to it. His fallen condition became

tolerable because he had something to do. In his children, too, Adam experienced great joy. For when they were driven out of the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve began to fulfill God's second great commandment to them. They began to multiply and to replenish the earth. There were born to them sons and daughters; and these sons and daughters of Adam "began to divide two and two in the land, and to till the land, and to tend flocks, and they also begat sons and daughters." To all their children, Adam and Eve related the things that had happened in the Garden of Eden, and taught them faith in the Lord God their heavenly Father.

For Adam and Eve still remembered the Lord. They prayed to Him often, and sought to draw near to His presence as they had been near it in the Garden of Eden. But the Lord had departed from them; they could no more see His face, nor come where He was. One day, however, a wonderful thing happened. Adam and Eve were earnestly calling upon the name of the Lord, when suddenly they heard a voice from the way toward the Garden of Eden. It was the voice of God; He spoke to them in answer to their earnest prayer, and gave them commandments what they should do.

"I am the Lord your God," said the voice. "I made the world, and men before they were in the flesh. If ye will turn unto me, and hearken unto my voice, and believe, and repent of all your transgressions, and be baptized, even in water, in the name of mine Only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth,—who is Jesus Christ,—the only name which shall be given under heaven, whereby salvation shall come to the children of men,—ye shall receive

the gift of the Holy Ghost, asking all things in His name; and whatsoever ye shall ask it shall be given you. And a commandment I give unto you that ye shall from henceforth sacrifice the firstlings of your flocks for an offering unto the Lord."

It was a wonderful thing that had happened, and it filled Adam with renewed hope and joy. Immediately he set to and built him a little altar of earth and stones. Regularly upon this altar, as God had commanded, he sacrificed the firstlings of his flock for an offering unto the Lord.

After many days, an angel appeared to Adam and asked, "Why dost thou offer sacrifice unto the Lord?"

Adam answered him, "I know not, save the Lord commanded me."

Then the angel said, "This thing that thou doest is a likeness of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten Son of the Father. He is full of grace and truth. He is the Savior of the world, even Christ the Lord; He is the Lamb of God, and shall be slain as a sacrifice to redeem the world from thy sin in the Garden of Eden. Therefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son for evermore."

So said the angel; and on that day, the Holy Ghost fell upon Adam. He began to understand now the great Gospel plan of salvation. Vaguely he seemed to remember the great council in heaven. And as the light of the Gospel streamed ever more fully into his soul, the fear and despair that had followed the Fall fled out of his life forever. In their place came hope and joy, and inexpressable content. For when the Holy Ghost

fell upon him, it bore record of the Father and the Son, saying, "I am the Only Begotten of the Father from the beginning, henceforth and forever, that as thou hast fallen thou mayest be redeemed, and all mankind, even as many as will."

It was glorious news; it was glad tidings of great joy; it was the Gospel plan! And when Adam received the testimony of the Holy Ghost, he praised God, crying, "Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God."

And Eve, too, praised God, saying, "Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient."

Thus Adam and Eve blessed the name of God. And after this great joy had come into their lives, they made all things known to their sons and their daughters. These sons and daughters, in their turn, taught them to their children from generation to generation. Each generation in turn observed the commandment of God to offer the firstlings of their flocks as a sacrifice, in likeness of the great sacrifice that should some day be offered by Jesus to redeem the world from sin. Thus did the custom of offering sacrifice come into the world, and spread from people to people. All the sons of God after Adam offered sacrifice. They began, too, to look hopefully for the day when Emmanuel should come.

But Emmanuel, the Son of God, did not come for many thousands of years after Adam learned to know about him as he presented his offering on that first little altar of sacrifice.

"Captain Billy."

By Annie Malin.

"He must be roused up, nurse," said Dr. Morgan. "Can't you find a way to interest him in something?"

"I have tried everything I can think of, Doctor," replied the nurse, "and I cannot get him to take the least interest in anything I say or do."

"Hum," said Dr. Morgan, and after a moment's reflection he continued, "Well, keep on trying; he has a fighting chance, and that is about all. You *must* find something to arouse his interest," he repeated, grimly, as he made ready to leave the house.

Dr. Morgan went on his rounds and Nurse Miles went back to her patient. She looked at the thin face upon the pillow, and at the hands lying listlessly upon the counterpane. She thought over the doctor's words: "A fighting chance," she said slowly to herself, "only a fighting chance."

Nurse Miles was a stranger to the boy, having been sent for from the large hospital in the city. She had been in the village two weeks and had assisted Dr. Morgan in the operation which had left Billy Ray so weak that it seemed that he would never sally. Billy was the son of Dr. Morgan's dearest friend, and in his father's absence, he had taken charge of the boy during the illness caused from an accident. He had sent for Nurse Miles to share the responsibility with Aunt Huldah.

"Billy," said Miss Miles, presently, "shall I tell you the story of a dog?"

"No, thank you," replied the boy. "Hector was the only dog anyway, and he's dead."

Nurse Miles said sympathetically, "Tell me about him, won't you, please?" But Billy only repeated dully, "He's dead," and relapsed into silence.

"It is all very well for Dr. Morgan to say he must be roused," thought the nurse, "but how to get at him is the question."

Billy's aunt came in, and Nurse Miles went out for a walk. She walked quickly through the quiet village street and then out toward the pond. The fresh air was invigorating, and already she felt more hopeful. Her mind was with her patient, for she still heard in fancy the words: "He has a fighting chance."

"If he could only fight," she thought, "his chance would be better."

The boys of the village had congregated beyond the pond, eagerly discussing something which seemed to be of deep interest to them, and she was almost close to them before they noticed her. Nurses in uniform were a novelty in the village, and the boys looked at her curiously.

"Let's ask her," she heard one of them say.

"You do the asking, then," replied another voice. Then one stepped forward and accosted her diffidently. "Say, ma-am," he said, "we want to know how Billy Ray is."

Nurse Miles' heart gave a leap. Could these boys help her, she wondered; and then she answered the question, telling them of Billy's weakness, and their fear that he would never rally.

"And now, boys," she said, con-

fidentially, "can you help me? You know Billy; can you think of anything that would arouse his interest?"

She looked eagerly at them, waiting anxiously for a reply.

One of them, Jed Howard, said "Well, ma'am, it is like this: We were drilling for a parade on Decoration Day, and Billy is always the leader because, you see, his grandfather was a soldier, and Billy learned lots from him while he lived and has his books, now."

"Billy was crazy to get a company started and we had chosen him for captain. Now he's sick, and we don't want to give it up, and Jed won't take Billy's place," volunteered another boy.

"Maybe," said Jed, to the nurse,

"Billy's fretting 'cause he can't be in it."

Miss Miles started. Could that be the secret of Billy's low spirits? she asked herself, and admitted the possibility. Then she told the boys how they might help to save Billy's life by helping her, and rapidly thought out a plan. This was to send a letter to the sick boy, asking him to be their captain, with Jed Howard second, in command, to see that his instructions were carried out, the nurse agreeing to write them out and deliver them to Jed every day, as he came from school. The boys were enthusiastic, and promised to practice and drill faithfully, so that they would be a credit to the village, and to their leader.

"And perhaps," said Miss Miles,



hopefully, "Billy may be able to watch you from his window."

With a cheer the boys dispersed to look for recruits, and Jed told the nurse that if anything would interest Billy it was soldiering.

The next day Jed came with the letter, and with a smile Miss Miles looked it over before reading it to her charge. The boys had finally resolved to get Uncle Caleb, the one-legged hero who had fought with Billy's grandfather, to write it for them, and had sworn him to secrecy, for the whole thing was to be a surprise when the great day came. The wording was unique.

The nurse went softly to the side of Billy's bed, and said cheerfully, "Here's a letter for you, Billy."

Billy's eyes opened, but he said nothing; it was too much trouble.

"It is from the boys," she continued, watching his face, and to her joy he seemed to be listening for her next words. She read the letter slowly and waited for him to say something. For an instant his face brightened, and then he said, bitterly, "Lots of help I'd be lying here on my back, wouldn't I?"

"Why, of course you would," said Nurse Miles, taking courage, for even a bitter speech was better than none. "Many leaders disabled in battle have lain on their backs in hospitals and planned for their men. Even their brave example has been an inspiration to them and helped them to rally and win the day," and Miss Miles grew eloquent as she related incidents of brave men suffering and even dying, but never giving up.

"So you see, Captain Billy," she concluded, "even if you have to die on your back another three weeks, in order that you may walk straight when you get up, you can be a brave

soldier and lead your men on to glory."

She left him to his own thoughts and stood looking out of the window, waiting for him to call her. At last she heard her name, and went to him.

"Nurse," he asked gravely, a faint tinge of color in his cheeks, "am I a coward?"

"Well, no, Captain Billy," she said, delighted with her success, "not exactly a coward, but you haven't done your very best, now, have you?"

"No; I haven't," admitted Billy. "Do you think grandfather would be ashamed of me? He used to call me his soldier boy, you know."

Miss Miles hastened to reassure him, telling him that he had made up his mind to do better as soon as he realized his fault, and Billy was comforted.

When Dr. Morgan visited his patient the next morning he was astonished to find him dictating an answer to his letter.

"Good!" he exclaimed, when Miss Miles explained, and asked for his sanction of the plan. "It is just the thing."

"Good-by, Captain Billy," he said as he went away, "don't forget you are a soldier, and you must prove yourself a brave one."

"Yes, sir," answered Billy. "Nurse says no one should be a leader unless he means to lead in the right way, and I guess she knows."

"I guess she does," responded the doctor, heartily, and went off smiling to himself.

From that time Billy grew stronger rapidly, and after a few days Jed was allowed to visit him and report the "Ray Regulars," as they had chosen to be called.

Miss Miles often told them that

she dreamed of drills and parades and drums, and they often referred to her for advice on difficult problems, as they studied Grandfather Ray's old books. Sometimes Billy grew impatient, but nurse knew how to quiet him, and she sometimes went beyond the pond to see them drill, that she might report to him.

As Decoration Day grew nearer, Billy grew stronger, and was promised if it were a fine day he might sit by the window. At 9:30 the Veterans of the village were to lead the march to the cemetery, and at 10 o'clock the old cannon was to be fired.

At the appointed time Miss Miles opened the window, and Billy heard the report, followed by the cheers of the crowd, and he knew the program had begun. But he did not know that old Uncle Caleb had been called upon for a speech, nor that he was the subject of that speech.

The old man told of Billy's brave effort, and by unanimous consent the entire crowd moved down the street, led by the "Ray Regulars," and the Veterans' band played its loudest. What if the old bugle was cracked and the rest of the instruments a tone too low? It made no difference to the enthusiastic villagers, for there had never been such a parade in the village since the day Grandfather Ray and Uncle Caleb came from the war.

The spirit of the day was with them, and in their sympathy with "Captain Billy," they repeated the program, to his great joy. First of all they halted in front of the cot-

tage and saluted. Nurse Miles handed Billy a flag, and leaning far out of the window he waved it briskly. Then came the program, and even the children and dogs were quiet, it seemed to Billy, as he listened to every word.

After the last number, the crowd fell back to enable the boys to show what they could do, and Jed put them through with a vim. They marched and counter-marched, the drum beating and the flags waving.

Old Uncle Caleb's wrinkled face fairly beamed as he waved his arms and cheered.

"I swan to goodness," he said, "I wish Grandfather Ray could see what them boys have accomplished. I didn't think they had it in 'em."

Billy leaned out of the window, waving his flag frantically.

As the last beat of the drum sounded, the crowd joined in a ringing cheer for "Captain Billy," and then for the "Ray Regulars." At that moment Dr. Morgan's buggy stopped in front of the cottage, and he said a few words to Uncle Caleb, who answered him by a broad smile. Then he led in another cheer, this time for Nurse Miles, who looked surprised and pleased, but the crowning moment of the day for all was when a tall man got out of the doctor's buggy and went quickly into the cottage. "Captain Billy" looked at Nurse Miles in joy and wonder as he caught a glimpse of the tall man's face, and in another moment his father's arms were around him, while his father's voice said, "My brave little 'Captain Billy.' "

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.—Luke 7: 44.

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

vi.

THE WILD RAM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Scene Four.

THE OPEN PRAIRIE AND THE WOODS.

He lay in the midst of brush and dry leaves heaped together at the foot of a tree. The bare forest was all about him, untouched by the axe of the woodsman; tall trees they were, and stately in their vast silence. During the night a light snow had fallen, which a keen frost had hardened into a thin crust. And when the sun presently arose, its level rays were reflected through the branches from ten thousand tiny mirrors.

But the man did not awake. That haggard face reposed as in the stillness of death. The downiest pillow could not have given it greater calm and peace. Yet there were traces of deep anxiety in every line of that solemn countenance. It may be, sleep had been long in coming to the restless eyes. Besides, that must have proved a frigid couch in the crisp air under the blinking stars of a November sky. No wonder he was now drinking his fill of nature's sweet restorer. Long, therefore, he rested, his breast rising and falling with the easiest regularity. Meanwhile, the fiery chariot moved silently upward on its pathless way.

Now a warm flood of light poured through an opening in the trees and shone full upon the sleeper's face. He stirred. He opened his eyes. He half arose and looked about him. Did he expect to see a heap of dead ashes? camp kettles? a box filled with food ready to be eaten? If so, he must have been disappointed; for there were no signs of these. He suddenly got to his feet. Then

he knelt down and began to pray aloud.

And such a prayer! There was nothing hysterical about it; he did not gesticulate, after the manner of religious fanatics. The voice was calm, subdued, earnest. He thanked God that he was alive. He praised Him for his hard couch of the preceding night. He prayed that He would spare his life and the lives of his loved ones till they should meet again. Would the kind Father look upon them in mercy and not permit their enemies to afflict them beyond their endurance. Great tears chased one another down both cheeks and fell upon his folded hands. He besought the Lord to bring him safely out of the woods and lead him, in His own due time, to his home. Then he rose, looked about him once more, and walked away.

"I must try it again!" he said.

On and ever on he went through the forest. Now and then as he walked he nipped pieces of tender bark from certain kinds of young trees and ate them greedily. Occasionally he found a delicate morsel in a wild rose berry.

At last, almost dead from hunger and fatigue, he reached an opening in the woods. The broad prairie upheaved its snow-crusted bosom to the sun. Cautiously he picked his way out.

"They might be hunting me yet!" he reflected.

He strained his eyes up and down the line of woods and outward. What was that in the distance? There were two objects, most apparently moving along the edge of the trees toward him. Casting about him as if looking for a big tree,

he hastily picked one out and with infinite difficulty, pulled himself up almost to the top.

"I'll risk it," he observed to himself, "I've taken many a worse risk before. After all, though, they may be friends. In that case I can call to them the better."

The objects proved to be two horsemen. He watched them as they drew near. They were talking, but he could not make out what they were saying. As they approached a point just apposite him, not two rods away, they suddenly drew rein, and one of them dismounted to tighten his saddle girths.

"Anyhow, they can't stay there," one was saying. "They orter know by this time that they have no right to stay in our county."

"They'll know soon enough; I reckon," said the other, "if they don't know now."

"Wonder if they knowed who we was?"

"Naw! course they didn't. They ain't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, let alone knowin' their friends."

The two gave vent to a loud horse laugh that made the echoes bound. The man up the tree had his own emotions not less exciting, though he had no clue as to the meaning of their words as a whole. He made not a sound, however. Presently the second man got down to rest his legs.

"Funny that man Wight wasn't among 'em. Wonder what became of him. He lit out for this part of the country, 'cause I saw him with these here eyes."

"He's a sly old fox," suggested the first man turning the end of the strap under the ring of the girth and glancing at his companion. "There's no tellin' where he is by this time. For all we know, he

might be lookin' down on us from the air!"

The man up the tree chuckled silently. "Whether or no," said the other, "but we'll get the fellers together and drive that bunch of 'em there."

With this they mounted and rode away, still carrying on the conversation.

The man up the tree sat there for some time after watching the two figures disappear in the distance.

"Two things are perfectly clear," he said: First, that they're still hunting for me; and, second, that there's some of our people up the country here that they're going to drive." He reflected a moment. "Wonder if the Saints have been driven all out of the county? It's more than likely."

Descending precariously from the tree he set out in the direction from which the horsemen had come. Before he had gone more than a mile or two, however, he turned out toward the open prairie.

"More than likely," he said aloud, "I'll be able to run across their tracks."

He trudged on keeping a sharp lookout not only for traces of footsteps in the thin crust of snow, but also for signs of anyone, like the horsemen, who might be hunting for him. Strong as he was naturally, the wearisome journeying began to tell. Only a powerful will could have endured this extraordinary strain.

All of a sudden he stopped. There before him was a scattering trail, leading toward the line of timber in the direction he had just bent his footsteps.

"Just as I thought!" he exclaimed. And he followed the broad path.

The tracks, for the most part, were those made by persons who

were barefoot. The man was profoundly astonished at the discovery. Surely, they were not those of Indians, for the natives everywhere wore moccasins. There could be but one explanation: It was a company of Saints fleeing, like himself, from their enemies. He stooped every now and then to examine the prints of the feet. There were distinct traces of blood! The forest snow and earth had lacerated the tender feet of these homeless wanderers! And what was more horrifying, it appeared that most of these footmarks were those of women and children. The whole thing seemed so incredible that for a moment he paused in his excitement and indignation and re-examined the ground. No; it was but too true! He walked on.

How if his own wife and children were among the number of these fugitives!

He quickened his pace. The thought put new vitality into his giant frame. You have seen pictures of Gulliver striding over the territory of the Lilliputians. In such a way did this enraged and apprehensive man cover the miles that lay between him and the northwestern woods!

At last he found them. They were encamped on the edge of the forest. Never was there a sadder and more bedraggled lot of human beings in a civilized country. His conjectures concerning them he found correct in the melancholy detail. Only, he had inferred scarcely half the truth.

There were nearly two hundred persons in all, among whom were only three men; and these were enfeebled by age and hard knocks, all the rest were women and children. More even than he had imagined, were barefoot. Few of them were properly clothed. They had

arrived there only that morning early, and already they had erected, out of a fallen tree and limbs, several rude huts that would keep off the worst effects of the storm, till they could be better housed.

"We kept going, Lyman," said one of the old men, "till we thought we were out of Jackson county. There'll not be any danger now."

"But I'm afraid, my brother," said Lyman, "that you're not yet quite out of the savage territory of Jackson county."

And he told him what he had heard the two horsemen say.

"Dear me! dear me!" cried the old man pathetically, "I couldn't stand another such driving. Surely, Brother Wight, they must have meant someone else. They couldn't be so ruthless!"

And then Lyman Wight heard the mournful story of the expulsion of these innocent people from their homes at Independence and the settlements on the Big Blue—how the mob, led by ministers and high officials in the county, had forcibly entered the Saints' houses and driven them out; how they had fled, terrorized, not caring whether they went so long as they escaped their relentless pursuers; how members of the mob had cruelly beaten every man they could lay their unholy hands upon. Families had been separated. This woman knew not where her husband was; that had lost her son or daughter; young children had been forced away from both father and mother. Everybody wept at the recital and lived over again, in imagination, the hideous and never-to-be forgotten details of the expulsion. Poor Lyman's heart was sorely wrong! What were his own sufferings these two days to those of these innocent tender women and children?

"And how came you to follow us,

Brother Wight?" asked one of the women at last, when the general grief had been somewhat assuaged.

Lyman had long since found that his own wife and children were not here.

"I've been hiding part of the time in the woods, part of the time I was lost." And he told them his own story.

He had kept ahead of his pursuers out of Independence only by reason of the fleetness of his horse. On reaching a wide stream, the banks of which were too steep to ford, he had forced his animal to jump it. But the men behind him were unwilling to take so dangerous a leap. Lyman, however, had not known this, and kept on his way at the same rate of speed. Thinking his safest course was to remain in the timber till the prospect cleared, he had not stopped in the trees and brush. Then his horse had got away from him; and in hunting for her, he had lost his way. When, at last, he had found himself, but not his horse,

men were scouring the prairie and so he had hesitated to make his appearance. How he came upon the trail of the fugitive Saints and followed it, we already know.

But anxiety as to what had become of his own family overwhelmed him in the meantime. There is nothing so distressing as uncertainty. His family might be all right. But he did not know that they were. The probability was that that were not. They might be suffering even more than these poor people whom he was with! Here had he been away from them these two days and more, and did not know till just now that any of the Saints, except himself, was in the least danger. Oh, that he knew!

He would know. "I can do no good to you here if I stay," he explained. "And I can be of use if I go. I must find my wife and children, come what may!"

And he left them, taking the nearest way toward Independence, and the sun was less than an hour high.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TIME WILL COME

When no man will be allowed to say that the world owes him a living, since the world owes him nothing that he should not pay for; it owes a living only to cripples, invalids, and all others who cannot, through some misfortune, help themselves.—Orison Swett Marden.

The Two Little Trees

By Maud Ellen Baggarley.

Once upon a time in the valley of Some-where, a little spring nestling beneath a great black rock laughed and dimpled in the sun-shine. The tiny fairies concealed in the shining drops of rain danced down from the sky and frolicked with it, or pattered upon the green grass about it. It grew larger and larger each year. Little streams, hidden deep in the earth, anxious to see the sunlight traveled long distances under the ground until they reached the little spring and mingled their waters with its. At length the little spring became a pool—deep, and dark—because it was still sheltered by the rock.

Then a flood came upon the val-ley. The little underground streamis became very large. The waters that hurried down from the snow-crowned mountains flowed togeth-er and formed a river and as the little pool seemed so very contented where it lay in the very lowest part of the valley the river scrambled over the stones that obstructed its course and hastened to the little pool which grew steadily larger, until it became a wide shimmering lake. At sunrise the lake gleamed like molten gold. Sometimes it looked like a great silvery pearl or a won-derful opal. At other times had there been any one on the mountain to look down they would have ex-claimed: "How queer! A bit of the blue sky has fallen into the valley!"

The years came and went and still the happy little lake smiled up at the stars, and the stars winked back at it. And peace, like a dove, brooded over the hill-encircled val-ley.

One day a little bird came from

a far off land, and perching on the branch of a flowering wild currant-bush looked at the lake, all golden beneath the sun-set; at the sky, filled with fleets of gorgeous cloud-ships with crimson sails, then poured forth on the perfumed air a wild, sweet melody containing a warning, a promise, and a proph-ecy, then flew away. But as it passed through strange countries it told other birds of the emerald-like valley and the shining lake.

The little bird visited the valley in spring time when all the plants and shrubs wore their robes of green. Summer came and went and they donned their gayest dresses, of brown and red and gold, and wait-ed for the messengers of winter. But they did not come.

Days and months passed away and the little plants hung their heads sorrowfully because they were parched with thirst. Years went by as they had before. The valley grew old and gray and shrunken. Fierce warrior winds scourged it, and left it barren and desolate. The little rain fairies were afraid to visit their old friends and watched their playmates, the flowers, fade and die, and the grass wither and disappear. But the happy little lake still laughed and danced beneath sun and stars, and whispered brave hopeful words to the disconsolate valley, because it still remembered the little birds' prophecy, and it trusted in God, who giveth and taketh away. And when the valley would mourn be-cause of her hard lot the little lake would murmur: "Trust in the giver of all good—and wait."

After a long, long, time another little biri came and brought two

tiny seeds which it dropped near a rock by the lake side and then went on its way.

The little black seeds, wrapped snugly about by the soft warm earth, slept and dreamed beautiful dreams. By and by the soft voice of Spring whispered to them and said, "Get ready my children. My messengers shall come to ye soon and bid ye arise and fulfill the measure of your creation." And the little black seeds laughed gleefully then fell asleep again.

One bright sunny day Spring sent two little rain-fairies to waken the sleeping seed-babies. The little things stirred uneasily at the first touch but found that they were in little prisons which they were unable to break and they lifted up their voices and wept bitterly. But the rain-fairies smote the prisons and the walls fell asunder and the little lives came forth as did Jesus when the angels rolled away the stone from the door of the tomb.

They planted their tiny feet upon the soft earth and groped timidly upward toward the bright sunlight. First one tiny leaf-hand then another appeared above the ground until finally they stood gazing shyly about them. They could hear the little lake singing softly but they could not see it.

They looked at each other wonderingly and longed to be taller that they might see more of the gloriously beautiful world for as yet they could not see the gray sand-strewn valley, only the far off rugged snow clad mountains and the blue sky above them. The kindly sun smiled down upon them and warmed their hearts. Soft winds caressed them. Rain fairies left the lake to sail in cloud ships for a while then danced down to become ministering angels to the little seed-children.

The fairies of earth and air each gave of their substance to nourish the helpless babes until finally they became little trees and were tall enough to look about them.

"O," moaned one little tree who was sad and sorrowful. "O, why did I come here. I did not ask to come. I'd rather grow in a king's garden than in this heaven-forsaken spot."

"Work and wait and trust" returned the other little tree bravely; while the lake sang blithely, "Trust and wait, wait and trust."

"Besides," went on the little brave tree, "*we are* growing in the king's garden, the South wind told me so. The whole world is His garden. And we must stay where He put us. I am glad He allows me to live by that lovely, singing, shimmering, thing" and the little brave tree glanced lovingly toward the happy little lake.

"Brave little tree
Brave little tree
The Lord loves thee
The Lord loves thee,"
sang the lake softly.

"I don't care what the wind says," grumbled Little Sad Tree, "I hate this dreary, ugly, gray, place, and I wish I could go away."

"I do not," said Little Brave Tree stoutly, "I love this beautiful valley. The sky is so brilliant and wonderful; the star-light so soft and mysterious; the mountains so sublime, with their ever-changing glory; and the lake—why it sings all the time, and so shall I."

Then Little Brave Tree whispered tender words to the gentle wind that caressed it, but Little Sad Tree drooped lower and lower until its head leaned against Little Brave Tree who was growing strong and beautiful to behold.

Little Brave Tree labored hard, gathering food from the earth at



his feet and the air about him, "For," said he, "I must make my body a fit temple for the spirit which dwells within it."

But Little Sad Tree refused to work. And each day leaned more heavily upon kind Little Brave Tree. When gently admonished by Little Brave Tree, it would answer sulkily, "What's the use." Then add sneeringly, "work for your old king if you want to, for my part I think he's only a myth. If he is a real person why doesn't he visit us?"

And instead of getting angry and saying naughty words Little Brave Tree only looked off toward the mountains and murmured gently, "Trust and wait." And the happy little lake rippled along the shore singing in under-tone "trust and wait."

Brave Tree grew larger and larger each year until he became magnificent and majestic and towered like a mighty giant above the little lake. Many birds sought shelter in his protecting arms. Millions of rain-fairies blessed him with their priceless gifts. Gay flowers danced joyfully about him, and once again the surrounding plain became like a beautiful green meadow.

But all the long while Little Sad Tree lay groveling at the feet of Brave Tree, though the vine fairies tried in mercy to hide his ugliness and failure from sight.

One day as Brave Tree stood looking off over the valley he held a great company of people ap-

roaching. When the out-riders reached him they dismounted from their steeds, doffed their hats, and gazed with awe upon the monarch of the vale.

"In sooth," murmured one "methinks we behold a living monument of the greatness of God."

The main part of the train drew near and halted. Men, women, and children surrounded the wondering Brave Tree.

The clear sweet note of a bugle fell on the still air. The voice of a herald was heard. The throng parted and made way for a wonderful old man with a long white beard, whom they greeted with cries of: "Long live the king! long live Am-see-vor the Wonder-Worker."

The old king led by the hand an eager bright-eyed boy of some twelve years. He approached the Tree and stood for a long time looking up toward its branches amid the silence of his people. Then at last he turned to his son and said solemnly, "My son, we have wandered long seeking a new home. Behold we have found it. Beneath the protecting arms of this tree shall I build my capital, and it shall be known as the city of the Tree. As for that useless thing which incumbereth the ground," he said to his minister of affairs, indicating the fallen Sad Tree contemptuously, "let it be cast into the fire; for only those who make the earth brighter, better, or happier, have any right to dwell upon it."

Blessed are the poor who are pure in heart, whose hearts are broken, and whose spirits are contrite, for they shall see the kingdom of God coming in power and great glory unto their deliverance; for the fatness of the earth shall be theirs.—Doctrine and Covenants 56: 18.

At the Bottom of the Sea.

By Elizabeth R. Cannon.

"I should hate to be buried in the sea."

Do you know that the ocean has more beautiful gardens than ever grew upon the earth, and that it can furnish a bed of feathery green moss for white limbs, softer than any of old Mother Earth's?



FISHING BOATS.

If you don't believe it step with me into a glass-bottomed boat on the sunlit Bay of Monterey, when the Spanish fishermen are hauling in their silver glinting nets and the

gulls and the pelicans trail after schools of fish.

Put your head under the black cloth and look through two inches of plate glass into the bottom of the bay. You gasp with delight as the sea lets you into her ravishing realm, with its multi-million colors.

The submarine gardens of Santa Catalina have their golden perch and flying fish, but in no one place in the world are there so many forms of life found, as in Monterey Bay. First come great swaying banks of green sea grass, then forests of kelp,—shaped like dun-colored snakes, rubber pipes, bulbs, dainty fern-like sprays,—all the strange fruit and flowers of the ocean.

Gray-striped convict fish slink in the shadows of the rocks which are decorated with lavender and green star fish, while occasionally a twenty-three-legged star fish is spread out, looking like an Eolian harp. Purple and russet many-spined sea urchins cling to every nook and cranny like burrs, interspersed oc-



THE HAVEN OF CRABS.

casionally with sponges. Many-devil fish, which has fifty-odd legs, legged little green crabs scamperin their net. away whenever a great bull-head From the shore-rocks, covered protrudes his ugly visage. It isn'twith snails and mussels to yonder often the salmon ventures so far in-island with its writhing seals and shore, after the little transparent screaming birds, the whole Bay is squid that destroys its eggs, butalive. there are ell-like barraeuda, silver-

The sea-bottom is strewn with



THE RUTHLESS SEA.

bellied perch and villainous-looking sword-fish as well as the sole, which floats flat-side up, and carries its eyes on the top of its head.

It is hard to believe that the delicate sea anemone is a fish, not a flower, and that great mass of white jelly floating toward us is also an animal. The men on shore raise a shout for they have found a monster

pretty tinted shells, the cast-off clothing of the life that is gone. Amid the coral promontories lie oysters, dazzling white clam shells, suggestive of juicy morsels, and pearly abalones.

The white heart of the abalone is the daintiest of food delicacies. Great quantities of it are shipped to China every year. The inside of

the shell is used for the manufacture of pearl ornaments. The animal creeps over the rocks, and when touched shuts its shell down so tightly to the stone that it cannot be moved. Men hunt the abalone with steel rods with which they prod it up. A Chinaman one morning clutched one with his hands when it tried to get away. The shell shut down on his fingers, and try as he would, he could not pull them out. He was out of sight from the shore, and as it was a lonely part of the Bay, no one passed there. Worn out with utter exhaustion, he collapsed, when suddenly a wave swept over his ankles and he realized with a sickening sensation at the heart, that the tide was coming in. He screamed, tugged, wrenched, tore his flesh, but the vise only closed tighter. All his fighting was in vain. The night

came on. Higher and higher crept the water; weaker and weaker grew his efforts. The next day they found his body there—drowned, his dead fingers still clutched under the abalone.

When you behold the enchanted palaces of the water kingdom, you do not wonder that the ancients peopled them with mermaids. No sunny-haired fish-maidens delight the Bay with their presence, but in the nearby strata, fossils resembling them have been found. Only, instead of the petite features of a girl, the head resembles that of an old man. The body, about two feet long, is a full, bony, fish-like structure. Many of those old stories have some foundation on fact. Perhaps these little mermen once dwelt in the wonderful sea-castle, far more beautiful than those of any earthly potentate. Who can tell?



PACIFIC GROVE.

Children of the Mill.

IV. MURPHEY'S CABIN.

"Come, Ada and Beth, we'll take a walk up south fork, and see if we can get some black currants," said Mrs. Thomas one morning.

The girls came quickly, for they always liked to go berrying.

The south fork was very slightly this time of the year. It was wider than the main canyon, and was filled with beautiful trees and flowers.

Ada and Beth picked white columbines and pale pink, waxy berries which grew near the creek. There were white berries and orange-colored berries, too, but the girls thought the pink berries looked better with the white flowers.

Mrs. Thomas was on the outlook for berries, but so far she had seen none. Soon they came to a beautiful little valley, where there had been a mining camp the previous winter. Nothing was left of the town though, but a few ruins, for a great snow-slide had come the winter before and swept away or wrecked every cabin there.

The place seemed very desolate; as they walked through it, looking at the remains of cabins. The house least damaged was a two story stone building which had once been a store. The front end and the back, with shelves, counters and everything inside, had been swept away, only the roof and sides being left standing.

"Do you think any one was killed?" asked Beth.

"No; they must all have left for the valley in the fall," her mother answered.

"I'm glad of that, it would be so dreadful to think of the people

who lived here getting killed," said Beth.

"We won't go much farther. There don't seem to be any currants," said Mrs. Thomas.

"Let's just go over that little ridge; maybe there's some over there," one of the girls pleaded.

Sure enough, there were ever so many of them. In no time they had their pails filled; and Mrs. Thomas took off her apron, and they filled that.

"Oh! Mother, look over there. There's half a cabin. The snow-slide must have come there too," said Beth.

The girls ran ahead to the little knoll where the cabin stood.

"Come mother, come quick, and see what's in it!" called Ada.

When Mrs. Thomas came and looked over the side of the cabin, she saw that it was furnished and that everything was in order.

"Look, mother, there's a candle on the table with a book by it," said Ada.

Near the table in the corner was a low cupboard filled with dishes. Some braided rugs were spread on the floor. The stove, which was all rusty, stood on the north side of the room. There was a lot of wood piled up neatly behind it, and next to the stove was an open door leading into the cellar.

"I can see a dead cat in the cellar," said Ada. "It's black. There's a lot of fire wood there, too."

In the north-west corner was the bed.

"The bed looks as if some one had just got out of it," said Ada.

"I can see the head-marks on the pillows," added Beth.

The covers were turned back, and

a woman's wrapper was thrown across the foot of the bed.

"See the little shoes on the floor at the foot of the bed," said Ada. There were two pairs of them, with the neatly folded stockings tucked inside. Beside the shoes lay a rag doll.

"Some one must have been killed here, mother," said Beth in a low voice.

"I think there must have been," her mother answered.

The girls drew nearer their mother, and all gazed silently over into the cabin. They looked oftenest at the bed, with the impress of heads on the pillows and the woman's wrapper across the foot, and at the little shoes on the floor.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness which made all three start. They turned quickly to see a man coming toward them.

"How'd ye do, Mrs. Thomas?" he said. "Looking at Murphy's cabin?" It was a miner from the mine farther up the fork.

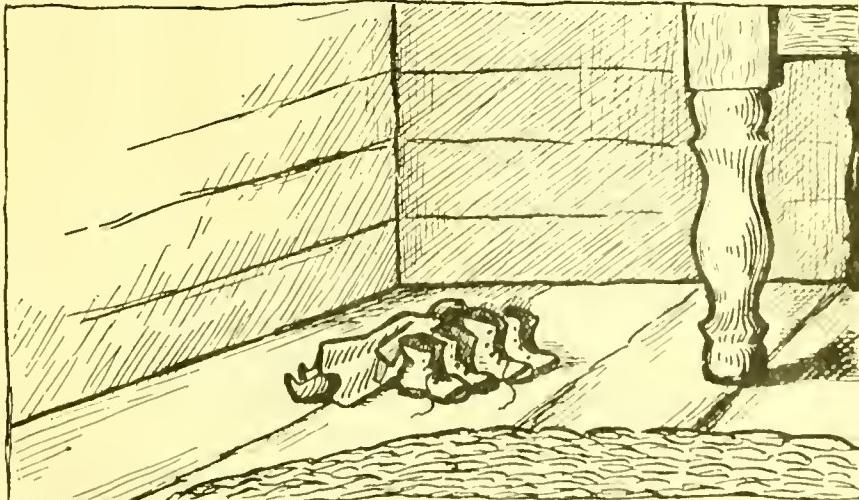
"Is this Murphy's cabin? Tell us about it," said Mrs. Thomas.

"Well, well, haven't you heard about Murphy? You know he was up here logging last summer for mill B, and in the fall everybody left for the valley he said he was going to stay all winter. I was going to stay at Argenta with Jim and help look after the mine."

"Jim, you know, took care of the mail. Argenta was a little camp in the main canyon several miles below. A man always stayed there during the winter.

"Jim and me tried to talk Murphy out of staying here all winter," the man went on, "but he wouldn't listen to us. I said, 'You'll get snowed under or swept away by a slide.'"

"I've lived in the canyon a long time," Murphy argued to me, "and I know a snow slide is not likely to come where I have built my cabin. I want to cut logs this winter and get a little ahead, so I can start farming next year. Mrs. Murphy, she don't mind staying, and I can put in provisions enough to last, and I can kill game enough for fresh meat. So I don't see any danger in staying at all."



"After the snow set in, Murphy came down to Argenta on his snow shoes about twice a month after mail. He was always cheerful and said his wife and two little children were well and contented.

"After the first of February, we didn't see any more of him. We got anxious in March and decided to try to get up there. When we got to the mining camp and saw the big snow slide there, we were more anxious than ever. We had hard work getting over the slide for the snow was becoming soft. When we did, we saw the slide had divided up at the head of that ridge and half had come this way. Murphy's cabin was completely covered.

"We could not do anything. So we went back and sent word to town. It was pretty dangerous traveling, but the next week men came up prepared to take them out.

"The snow slide, it seems, came in the night when they were in bed.

It swept off the upper part of the cabin, as you see, but left everything as it is now. We had to dig them out. It was a sad sight; I'll never forget it."

The miner was silent for a few minutes.

"They lay peacefully in their bed, the baby in its mother's arms, and the little girl with its father. We took them out tenderly, then drove down to the valley."

After a pause he said, "I never saw a bigger funeral than they had."

"What a sad thing," said Mrs. Thomas.

"As you see, no one has touched a thing in their cabin. They had no folks out west."

Ada and Beth, before they turned back after their berries, took a long look into the cabin and thought of the mother and father who had lived there and of the two little children who had worn the tiny shoes.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

GROWTH

BY RUTH ESTELLA WEBB.

Great oaks from little acorns grow;
 And though the growth is very slow,
 When the allotted time is past,
 A mighty monarch stands at last,
 Stately and proud for all to view—
 A thing of strength and beauty too.
 So we, tho' young, and weak and small,
 May each day grow more strong and tall,
 Our minds and souls still keeping pace
 With our strong bodies in the race,
 Until in wisdom we shall stand
 Like giant oak trees in the land.
 When to such noble strength we've grown
 God will be proud to claim His own.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - JUNE, 1909

The Paramount Need.

Six stake Sunday School superintendents addressed the Sunday School conference held Sunday evening, April 4, 1909, on the subject, "The Greatest Need in Our Sunday School Work." What the superintendents said tends all in one direction. They said it, to be sure, in quite different ways, yet they all seemed to want the same thing. One said that one of the very most important phases of our work in the Sabbath school pertains to the spir-

itual work of the school; another said that we need systematic organization and honest, earnest, prayerful and painstaking work; another, that our greatest need is a greater spirit of loyalty among officers and teachers; another, that we need men and women who have a passion for the saving of souls; still another, that we need good teachers; and finally one who said that our greatest present need is more thoroughly interesting and at the same time more devoted and more spiritual work in the classroom.

After all, the greatest need in our Sunday School work seems to concern the Sunday School teacher. Is it increased spirituality we want? Who but the teacher can supply the need? Is it honest, prayerful work that is needed? Who but the teacher can supply it effectively? Is it loyalty we want, or zeal? Who but the teacher can impress with her loyalty and zeal? Is it a higher grade of class work we want? Who again but the teacher can supply the need? Thus, to put it simply, but truly, what stake superintendents seem to feel to be the greatest present need of our Sunday Schools is better teachers.

Now, this is not denying other needs of the Sunday School, nor is it depreciating the value of the work done by the teachers at present. It is certain that we must have good janitorial service, good superintendencies, good music, good marching, and good everything else that pertains to the conducting of a Sunday School. It is also certain that all the teachers at present engaged in

Sunday Schools are doing excellent service. But we are trying to improve the efficiency of our Sunday Schools. It seems that the one thing in which we need improvement most concerns the teachers most. The general proceedings of the Sunday School have reached a high standard of organization, and excellency. We can do but little there to make the school more attractive and more efficient. But in the class-room we can do much to attract or repel the young souls whom we would help on their way to God.

It seems then to be a question and a very important one, too, for teachers to consider. Are you filled with the spirit of your mission? Do you inspire your pupils, and make them feel the strong spirituality that marks your own life? Do you work, work ,work, earnestly, prayerfully? Are you truly loyal to the Sunday School work and zealous for it? Have you really a passion for saving souls? Do you strive to make the lessons interesting? Do you adapt them to the needs local condition you find in your own school? Are you devoted to your work? Can your superintendent always rely upon you? Can he say fearlessly, "I have received no word from Mary, so I know she will be here today, and be prepared, too." Can you bear honestly to yourself the testimony that only sickness or other wholly uncontrollable circumstances ever keep you from doing your duty?

While the stake superintendents no doubt fully appreciate the work being done by the great army of Sunday School teachers today, yet, it might be well, in the light of what superintendents have said, for

teachers to examine themselves, to learn whether or not they are really doing their full duty.

The Summer Season.

The summer season is fairly upon us. The days and the nights begin to radiate the warmth of summer time. And with the warm days comes a disinclination for mental work, a desire for rest, for a vacation.

That desire is of great importance in its influence upon the Sunday School. Very often half the teachers of a Sunday School have gone on a vacation at the same time, or have merely stayed out of school because it was hot. Such action is what in part leads to the pleas of the superintendents for better teachers:

Now, during the present summer season, superintendents should be forewarned and forearmed. Of course, teachers must be given vacations when they want them. But, in the first place, teachers should not absent themselves from Sunday School merely because it is hot; and in the second place, teachers should never go on vacations without providing beforehand for their classes. If superintendents keep awake to the conditions of their schools, there will be no need for great falling off during the summer months.

There is also a decrease during the summer in the attendance of pupils. Unfortunately, however, a large part of that decrease is due to irregularity on the part of teachers. If the interest of the class-work is maintained, there will be only such decrease as is occasioned by actual absence from the ward. Hot weather does not usually keep the children from Sunday School.

Prepare, then, for the summer

season. Keep up the standard of work. Let there be no diminution of effort merely because the days and the nights are hotter.

Summer Resorts.

Sunday Schools everywhere are planning for outings and excursions during the summer season. It is an excellent thing to take the schools out somewhere, and have a good time. A little money may be made in that way; but, best of all, it binds the Sunday School members together, it fosters the social spirit, and the spirit of brotherly love and kindness. A day of pure fun at some popular resort—there are few things better for the promotion of good feeling in the Sunday School, or for its ultimate success.

However, Sunday School superintendents and amusement committees should exercise care in the choice of summer resorts. There are resorts among us to which our children should not be permitted under any circumstances to go. Surely, Sunday Schools should not choose such resorts. There are other resorts not so undesirable, and still others, much better. Would it not be well to investigate thoroughly the conditions of each resort and make a careful choice? Our children should not be taken under the patronage of the Sunday School to where liquor, for example, is sold and freely drunk, and where other vices are matters of common observation. If there are temperance resorts among us, let us patronize them. It may be that the money we may get will be less—we cannot tell—but the souls of our little children are worth more than any

amount of money. Choose carefully your summer resorts.

Roll Call at Union.

At a meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, held May 4, 1909, the following resolution concerning methods of procedure at Union meetings was adopted.

It will be observed that the method here suggested is very simple. All the data needed are quickly gathered and the valuable time of the meeting is not consumed merely in gathering statistics.

"For the advancement of the Sunday Schools of Zion the General Board deem it important that statistics of various kinds be compiled, including a record of attendance at Union meetings. The methods of gathering the information is left largely to the judgment of the various Stakes. The General Board, however, suggests the following:

1st. Name of the Stake Sunday School Union—(In response the officer conducting the meeting should announce the hour at which the meeting began).

2nd. Roll call of members of the Stake Board.

Further the roll of all members of departments should be called in the respective departments and results compiled by the Stake Secretary or assistant, and entered in the minutes. The question of announcing results of roll call is left to the Stake Superintendency and Board.

Also the attendance of members of wards expressed in percentage should be entered in the minutes and announced or read in general assembly at a time decided upon by the Stake Board."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Theological Department.

DEBATE AND DISCUSSION.

W. M. McKendrick.

Little good would be accomplished were the purpose of this paper to analyze these two processes with a view of outlining sharply the distinction between them, so we will treat the subject in a general way, hoping, thereby, to cover the ground intended by those who proposed the subject.

Generally speaking, the two words are synonymously used, both are processes by which the truth or falsity of a proposition is proved. The proposition may be formulated and submitted for discussion as is the case in a debate; or it may spring spontaneously in a class or a group usually suggested by a statement or more generally by a question, as is the case in a discussion.

In the debate, the element of contention seems to be the predominating feature, while in the discussion, the sifting element predominates. When this subject was suggested to me, two figures came immediately to my mind—the debate, representing a prize fight and the discussion, a threshing machine. In the former, the limitations of the subject is the “ring;” the arguments, the “gloves;” the moderators, the “referee;” and the contestants, the antagonists; and the victory usually goes to the one who is the best trained, irrespective of whether we think it right or not. In the latter, the material in the text is the grain in the sheaf; the discussion, the thresher; and the conclusions or truth are the kernels of grain which

are separated from the chaff and straw by the sifting process.

With this interpretation upon the subject, you will hasten to agree with me that there is no place in our Sunday school methods for the debate. Neither should the discussion be allowed, if the teacher be not able to direct its course properly so that good may result. Upon this point permit me to carry the analogy a little further. Some years ago, a new thresher was purchased by some parties in Provo. It was placed between two fine stacks of wheat. The process of threshing commenced, and all went well until the one who measured the grain noticed that the issue from the worm was a mixture of chopped wheat, chaff, and straw. Something was wrong and all hands set about to discover the cause. The problem baffled them and they appealed to the George A. Lowe Company. A young man who understood the machine was sent down and he discovered that the sieves were placed in up side down and wrong end to. It was only the work of a moment to adjust the trouble and 135 bushels of grain were threshed in a few hours at one run. The point I wish to bring out is this: this little irregularity used up the combined energy of twelve horses and as many men, besides wasting time and grain. Just so with the discussion in the class when a teacher is unable to handle it properly. The time is wasted, the energy lost, and very little grain is threshed. There is danger too of drifting away from truth rather than aiding in discovering it. Brother Maeser used to say that discussions led one on to

slippery ground, and confusion rather than enlightenment was the result.

However, a good, heathly, live discussion, if carried on in a spirit of love rather than contention, and under the direction of a cool and discrete teacher, may not only serve to break the monotony of the Socratic method, but may be productive of beneficial results.

After all is said and done, however, we refer everything in the last analysis back to God. What an opportunity this for a live teacher! What a beautiful lesson on the reality of God's existence any discussion in the end may furnish! After we have gone to the extreme in our analysis, we come to a point where we refer our last analysis back to God; our thought runs back to Him as inevitably and spontaneously as the needle turns toward the pole.

Second Intermediate Department.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF INSPIRATION AND INSTRUCTION.

Inspiration is to breathe into. In teaching a Sunday school class it would mean to breathe into the Sunday school class the Spirit of God or the spirit of the lesson, which is the same thing.

Instruction is the act of informing the understanding in things of which it was before ignorant. Applied to us it would mean informing the class in things of which they were before ignorant.

We can all see that they are both of vital importance, for it is both necessary to inspire and instruct a class of Sunday school children. But what we want to find out is which is of the most importance and how they are related to each other.

We read the Bible for the purpose

of instructing either ourselves or others, but there are so many different interpretations of the Bible that it is not clear to us. So we really are not instructed when we read it and missinterpret it. Then how is it possible for us to receive instructions from that book? We are told to read it with a desire to know the truth and with a prayerful spirit, then we are promised that the Spirit of the Lord will inspire us so that we will be able to understand it in the true light.

In trying to impart instructions to others by means of reading, some people are very successful in making the piece instructive and entertaining, while others will take the same piece and in reading it will fail to instruct, inspire, or entertain the listeners. His voice will even scare him and he will not interest himself. Why? Simply because he has not got the spirit of the piece. He has not got anything out of the piece, and consequently cannot give anything. If he has the thought without the spirit, it sounds empty, but let him get both the spirit and the thought of the piece and he will read it in a manner that will inspire his hearers and instruct them in that which he intended to, and it will stay with them a life-time.

Why are some Generals successful in war, while others who have received the same instructions and have just as bright intellects are not? Because the one leads and says, "follow." Then men are inspired by his courage, push on together and are victorious. The other gives his soldiers the same instructions only from the rear of the army and they partake of the same cowardly spirit, and the result is failure.

The things that have been said about the Bible, the readers and the Generals can apply to Second Inter-

mediate Class teaching. The teacher that does not humbly study his lesson does not get the spirit of the subject; or who does not lead and say, "follow me," is not going to inspire his Class or give them any instructions of great value. While on the other hand the teacher that has prayerfully prepared his lesson has the Spirit of the Lord and his work, leads and says follow me, will love his work, the children will love him, his countenance will beam with intelligence and he will give the children the truths of the lesson in the proper spirit.

They will catch this spirit (for it is impossible to help it, as it is contagious). The Spirit of the Lord will aid him in giving the instructions, and the children in receiving them. They will have the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit with them during the class and will remember their lessons and will also be able, with the help of the Lord, to apply them.

A young man in one of our county schools made the remark that he had learned more the last year of his schooling than in the previous seven years he had attended school. On being pressed for a reason he stated, "I just couldn't be in that teacher's presence unless I study. Some days I come to school with a determination not to study but on entering school it is impossible to do anything but study." The student was inspired by the teacher to study and through that study received his instructions. He was the poorest student of his class to start with and among the leaders at the finish.

I have emphasized the inspiration side of my subject all through my paper, because I think it is a great thing with the teachers. If you are but filled with the spirit of the work, everything will be add-

ed. Instruction will come through inspiration. Our missionaries, or any of the rest of us, need not want for information as long as we are fit subjects for the Spirit of the Lord to inhabit.

So let every one of us be careful to always carry the spirit of our work. Never come to the class unless you are converted to the lesson and have made a prayerful study of it.

It is God's work and I am sure that if you are humble and sincerely ask for the help of the Lord, that His Spirit will be with you and will inspire you with the spirit of the lesson. After you are once inspired, to inspire others is just as simple as to magnetize steel with a charged magnet. Everybody you come in contact will receive your spirit.

To conclude I think that instruction and inspiration are very important factors. Instruction must be given or we would never progress. But I think that inspiration is the most important and a forerunner of instruction. And that without inspiration instruction is not of much value, because if a thing is not breathed into you so that it stirs you, you can never retain it.

First Intermediate Department.

NOW CAN A TEACHER DETERMINE THE RESULTS OF HER LABORS?

By Effie Warmick.

To every teacher come periods of discouragement when everything around looks dark. Then come the questions Am I doing good? Are my efforts bringing any results? When this feeling comes we must not yield to it but fight it bravely. Let us review our past work and estimate to the best of our ability the effect of our endeavors. This

a good teacher cannot neglect doing frequently. Without it, it is impossible to recognize and overcome mistakes. If in this review we find that good is resulting from our effort it brings us satisfaction and encouragement. If the reverse is true let us face the situation, study it carefully, find out where the fault lies and do our best to remedy it. In order that we may be able to give an intelligent judgment we must know the ends we are working for and the results we desire to obtain. In Sunday school work, I think the most important ones are Faith, Knowledge, and works. Let us judge of these by the work of pupils in school and out, and by the effect on the teacher.

Let us consider first the pupil in school under the following heads: interest, spirit, activity, and knowledge.

While interest is not a sure guide for us to go by, for interest is often felt in things that are not good, yet it is self-evident that without interest on the part of pupils our efforts will amount to almost nothing. If we haven't it our work is failing and our efforts must be to arouse it. In some it may be active, in some passive but interest there must be. It is the first requirement. It will bring the pupils to school promptly and regularly. Remember this is one way to test the interest of our pupils.

It is said, "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." This gives us some idea of the importance of having a good spirit accompany us in our work. This is an indication of the condition of their faith. A class, good in every other respect will fail of its mission if a spirit of love and faith does not accompany it. It is something that must be constantly and diligently sought after, for where that

spirit dwells, growth in the right direction will surely result.

Passing that, are the pupils willing to do their part in an orderly manner. Do they respond when called upon? Are they willing and anxious to ask and answer questions? Do they respond promptly to signals? This activity of the child should be encouraged and fostered. For it is through this that growth results. If our class is attentive and seemingly interested they may drink in those truths which we are striving to impart, but never to such an extent as they will when they are actually doing part of this work. This is the condition for us to promote as much as possible.

If the interest, spirit, and activity are good, knowledge will surely result. But it is our duty to properly present this knowledge so that it is clearly understood in its proper relation by the pupils. A few truths clearly understood will do much more good than many that are not. Let us give things correctly and clearly, being careful to leave as few incorrect impressions as possible.

Having carefully reviewed our school work we are now ready to look outside for the more important results of our efforts, those that are exhibited by the child in his life. These are the hardest to gain and the ones we look for with most eagerness. We like to think that through our work the boys and girls are living better lives, showing more kindness, more patience, more love and respect to their associates. Failure to see our expectations realized often makes us think our work an entire failure when it is really accomplishing much good.

Our investigation would be only half done if we stopped with

the effect of our work on the child. Good faithful effort cannot fail to effect the worker. It brings the pleasure which is a natural result of duty well done. It brings to us love for our work and fellow workers. It brings us in closer touch with the Spirit of God and gives us a fuller knowledge of his laws, of his love and mercy for us. This is certainly worth our untiring efforts and if we do not enjoy these blessings we can rest assured that the effort put forth does not merit them.

Do not get discouraged by meeting obstacles. We grow and increase in power to do with every difficulty that is successfully overcome. No honest effort for good can ever result in anything but good. We must be content to let time help us in bringing about the conditions we so much desire. Continuous good class work cannot fail to result sooner or later, in better conduct. Let us take advantage of every opportunity to train the minds of boys and girls and give them food for good thoughts and our efforts will surely be repaid by the better living of the child. The result may not be immediate but it will be sure.

Primary Department.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF STORY-TELLING.

By Sadie Bernhisel, Benson Stake.

The highest use of stories is to enable the child to form pure, noble ideals of what man may be and do; gives the child a sense of a world beyond his own.

Story-telling develops sympathy and increases the imagination of the heart. It brings power of example to bear with the children.

Stories are the child's first introduction to other children whose habits and customs are similar to their own. They are generally the vehicles for moral lessons, which are all the more effectual because not insisted upon.

The office of stories in a child's education is, viz., to arouse interest morally; to correct a child in an indirect way without giving offense; to teach manners and customs of ancient people, to present truths to the child in a way which he can understand, satisfies that instinct in the child, which desires to feel the unity of life; raises ideals, stimulates the imitation for good, and corrects faults. The child sees his own life reflected and comes to a better understanding of it. Develops his sympathies, exercises his imagination, and develops his creativity. Gives him a knowledge of the experiences of others. The beginnings of a knowledge of nature, history, literature and science are thus brought to the child.

Story telling is an art. It is a passing on of a message. No matter what the message may be, the story-teller is the passer-on, the interpreter. She should always have something to give for she cannot give that which she has not. Appreciate and feel the story. Understand and make it a part of yourself. Get the thought and feeling. Know your story, and be able to give the events in a logical order, not having to go back and tell something that has been forgotten. Do not try to memorize, but analyze the story. Find out simply what happened and then fill in. Do this filling in in your own simple way, adapting the story to conditions around you, not trying to use the exact words or expression used in the story, except where there are

particular phrases or parts of conversation that will benefit the child educationally or express it more vividly.

In choosing a story, the following points should be considered:

Season and age of children.

Underlying thought.

Season of year and the occasion.

Needs of children (class, home, and age).

What is the central truth?

Does it illustrate the general aim in the lesson?

Is it clear? Does it appeal to the children?

In choosing a story always choose one with a positive ending. Deal with the positive, rather than the negative. Learn to affirm rather than to deny.

In order to be a good story-teller one must observe the following points:

One must have imagination to see, so that he may see the ideal. One must have power of detail enough to clothe the ideal. He must have dramatic fire enough so that all consciousness of self may be burned up. One must have common sense to select the right kind of story.

Elizabeth Harrison says: "In story-telling avoid moralizing, but emphasize the invisible power instead of the visible manifestations. The invisible soul within certain stories which have caused them to be handed down from generation to generation, will speak of itself to the child, in the exact degree he is ready to comprehend. In a dim way at first it will show him that the importance of any life comes not from its prominence, but from its usefulness. Such truths are life's greatest lessons, and it lies in our power to give them to the children. We are told stories which

have in them admirable traits of character, which are powerful instruments in the hands of mothers and teachers."

In telling a story always tell it the same way each time. The idea of revenge, killing, blood-shed, etc., should, if possible, be kept from the children.

Why should a story be told rather than read to the children?

(a) The child's attention is held by meeting fanciful expression and gestures of the teacher.

(b) The thought is made clearer to the child because face, hands and eyes all tell him the same story as does the voice.

(c) Must be interesting to make vivid impression (dramatizing does this).

(d) In telling a story it may be adapted to the immediate needs of the children.

(e) In reading a story one is hampered by the necessity of watching the words and so loses power. In telling a story it becomes real to the narrator, and so to the children and the freedom in the use of all parts of the body enables him to give to the child what could not be put into printed words.

How often our mothers have taken us to bed at night and lulled us to sleep with some sweet song or story. Mothers may encourage children or correct faults, without one reference to them, by carefully selected stories. How nearer and dearer they become to their little ones! So, as teachers we can be the same. Those whom children love they will ask for a story either to be read or told. How often we hear the children say, "Oh! I just love my teacher; she can tell such lovely stories." Often the love has been won just by telling stories, for never yet was seen the child who

did not prize the story and love the story-teller.

Some teachers can tell a story and never reach the children, while another may come and tell the same story to the same children and hold them spell-bound. Wherein lies the success? The one understood the child nature before, and the other did not. One reached out the hand and drew them in, while the other pushed them away. So it is, some, though they have not the scholastic training and benefits, they have the child soul within them and know how to reach and hold their loved ones.

Avoid all unnaturalness. A soft, gentle voice, expressive, but not emphatic. Be careful not to become too dramatic, but make it real. Children are imitators, and when we allow too much of the dramatic to enter into our story telling, they lose the story in watching the dramatics, and when they repeat the story, you will see which has made the greater impression.

Be careful to avoid stories which give such false impressions that the children are deceived. Remember they reason and think, and even though to us the story has no effect, the impression is made and the little one turns it over and over in his mind and finally wants to prove it.

As the children grow older a little more description can be used, and their imagination will help to fill out the story. Consider the homes and home-life of the children and oftentimes we can supply something that is lacking in their lives.

Oh! what a happy hour is this one of story-telling. What a delightful, interesting audience are those little ones gathered around us, grieving at the sorrows of the heroes and laughing at their successes.

How much joy and comfort it gives to the one who receives.

May we all have a desire to have the little ones gather around us on each Sunday morning and feel as Jesus did when He said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Kindergarten Department.

FAST DAY EXERCISES.

By Valeria Young, Ensign Stake.

Just as we believe in separate and distinctive exercises for Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, Hallowe'en, and the Twenty-fourth, so do I think it profitable to have in our Kindergarten class special exercises on Fast Day.

Let that one day of the month be different from other Sundays. Let it be more truly a children's day, just as the afternoon meetings belong to the fathers and mothers. Our aim should be the same as is that of the regular Fast meeting—to call forth testimonies. Fast day has no other object than to create within us an unselfish perception of life and God. It should teach us the great life of our Master who, through His words and very act, made every day a Fast Day in spirit, and thus He revealed the truth to man, and did not argue it to him as did the philosophers. It is to develop within us all, and especially the children the thought that we are the children of God, just as Jesus was His Child. There is the same thought behind Fast Day for the child that there is for the adult, only it differs in degree. The day should be so spent that our very best selves are called into being. We, as adults,

receive the light through inspiration, and the inspiration becomes a revelation to our souls; the revelation a burning testimony. As we are bigger mentally and morally, so is our conception of the higher life greater. We bear testimony to a truth that is a very part of us. We know it with our very souls.

So with the child, but his Truth is only in accordance with his mental and moral capacity. When we as adults and matured minds, say we know that God has spoken from the heavens, it is a sacred revelation to our greater selves. So when the child in his enthusiasm says, "The tulips are in bloom," he feels a beautiful thought. He bears a testimony for it in his entire self that is responding, and not his mere intellect. He then becomes a child of the truth and that is "something more," says Phillips Brooks, "than one who knows the truth."

The child mind is very sensitive to pretty, simple thoughts, but the thoughts must be simple, and bear on something that he has experienced in life, not what some one else has experienced. He has no standard of right and wrong, only as he sees it expressed in action. He learns of life by the world of objects about him and by doing. His personal knowledge must be the starting point for all new thought. So a simple truth about the home life, a flower, a bird, the goodness of the parent, are the things that stir his soul to some sweet expression. Thoughts of these things make his testimonies. His little soul is not ready for doctrine. It responds only to moral law, virtue and joy. In other words "the soil must be prepared before the seed is sown, and our work as kindergarten teachers is this soil preparation. Therefore Fast Day exercises should call forth

expression, in word and act, and these will become a part of being. But we should not ask the children for testimonies, as we adults understand them, nor should we ever use that word, for the child soul is responding only to simple truths and not to doctrine.

This expression of the child may be led into many channels, each bringing good. He may share his substance and love to help the poor, the sick, the aged, the lonely. But first what shall be given to the child to stir his mental power—his feeling—which we wish to have him express in doing?

Let me suggest some few of the many things we may use during the lesson periods. Remember that in some instances two or more Sundays may be necessary for the completion of one of these topics, which I shall give you, while again one subject could easily be disposed of in one lesson. If more than one lesson is needed carry the subject to the next Fast Day. All I say relates alone to those exercises. And here let me say that I would strongly recommend that one teacher be responsible for the Fast Day work for a year or six months, that a consecutive and systematic plan of work may be carried out. A specialization of work strengthens. "We should know a little about everything, but everything about something." Therefore, let one teacher's specialty be, Fast Day exercises.

I shall indicate the different suggestive topics by numbers:

1. Work on "Song and Development." By this I mean to treat the text of the song as a poem or story, and build a vivid mental picture of it. Have it played in games by the children and have them talk about it freely. All flower and bird songs are excellent for this work. I

will illustrate by using a stanza that we sing:

The daisy gave a party gay;
The flowers were all there,
And ting-a-ling the blue bells rung,
Their merry music to the breezes
flung,
The guests then gaily danced away
All shining in their best array.

All sorts of questions may be asked, as—What flowers would be at party?

Or develop meaning of guests—array.

This song lends itself nicely to a game. Last of all teach the melody and sing it. The children love this poem work.

2. Let the children hear strains of familiar songs played on organ, and let them name the songs. Let them hear music played in different time, as 4-4, 2-4, 3-4, etc., and let them do what it says to do, as march, run, skip, etc. They will learn to listen, and will learn to know different rhythmic motions.

3. The Sunday before Fast Day give out written verses and lines to the children, to be memorized during the week and repeated on Fast Day. Do not have all of them of a religious nature. Often one of the verses will start a talk which will develop into an "experience meeting" if the subject is familiar, and within the child's range. As this "talking" is our aim, use to the fullest impromptu opportunity. I should call for such reciting rarely except on Fast Day.

4. You have taught a song to three or four of the little ones during the week. Let them sing it on this day, and teach it to other children by the next Fast Day.

5. Ask the children to tell of anything very pretty they have seen

during the week. Ask them if they have seen or heard of a kind act performed.

Ask them if they have made a visit outside of the city.

Let them try to tell flowers' names which they see in the room. Ask small children to carry flowers to others to be smelled. (Any work to get all to doing some good act is what we want.)

6. Teach the children reverence for the House of the Lord, and by songs and stories make them feel that they want to help to make it attractive. This will necessitate many group talks about pictures, always using cosmos, or other good pictures for illustration. Let groups select favorite pictures. Then let them bring pennies and nickels as they wish until enough is realized to buy the large picture. It is not necessary for all the groups to be doing the same work at the same time, so one group could use the pictures and pass them on, the next Fast Day. A good review of Bible stories would thus be obtained also, and new ones given.

The Bible charts could also be used to good advantage in this way—a group at a time.

7. I am much in favor of drawing and cutting being used as a means of illustrating and fixing the Bible stories and others in the minds of children. One small kindergarten table could be in every school, and the groups could take turns using it for this work. Charcoal or large drawing pencils could be used and good results be obtained. The value of such work in teaching respect for the rights of others, order, neatness, etc., is very great, besides having a religious importance.

8. Virtue is akin to joy. So sometimes devote the entire morning to singing the sweetest songs,

telling the loveliest stories, and playing the best games, with no thought but one of pure love and joy.

9. Sometimes call on the sick or lonely with some flowers and three or four children with you. Let them sing and recite and leave the joy of their pure faces and hearts, in the home.

Let them sometimes bring to Sunday Schools small contributions for the poor.

There is no easy path to success in this great work. Be patient and remember the flowers are slow to bloom and the weeds grow fastest. Keep busy with good things and the bad will be crowded out. Let us work and pray for higher ideals, a better understanding of the principles of kindergarten work, and the spirit of love even as Christ taught it. For, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these ye have done it unto me."

The points, then, that I have wished to make are these:

1. Analyze carefully the meaning of every special day, e. g., Christmas is the home time—the mother love and the child life being shown.

Thanksgiving is the time for showing gratefulness by sharing what we have with others.

Easter is the time when all new life springs forth out of the old.

Fast Day is a time for self-expression—in saying, doing and being.

2. Let Fast Day be a Special Day.

3. Let all the work done on this

day have meaning to the child because it touches his personal experience.

Kindergarten Plan Book.

A great many requests have been received by the Kindergarten Committee of the General Board, asking for suggestions as to the best course to follow in planning Kindergarten work. Under the direction of this Committee there was prepared about two years ago a series of plans and lessons for the kindergarten department. These were published and bound in book form, containing 208 pages, substantially bound in cloth. This book is conceded by kindergarten workers who have used it to be one of the best helps that was ever placed in their hands. All kindergarten workers who do not have this book will find it of great advantage to them in planning their work and making their class interesting for the little ones. It can be obtained at our Book Store, 44 E. South Temple, for seventy-five cents postpaid.

A New Book.

"Thrilling Experiences" is a book written by Solomon F. Kimball. The little volume contains twelve articles dealing with the personal experiences of the author. As a faith promoter, and as a warning to be true to the faith the book is excellent. Our boys would do well to obtain this work and read it carefully.—Cloth 50c. postpaid.

Pleasantries.

NOT SO SUDDEN AFTER ALL.

He—Oh, please, Miss Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand!"

She (coyly)—Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?"

He—Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont.—Modern Society.

SUSPENSE.

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am awaiting letter."—Harper's Magazine.

ALL KINDS.

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did," assented the father.

"First he was a quarter back—"

"Yes."

"Then a half back—"

"Yes."

"Then a fullback—"

"Yes."

"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"—Exchange.

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

From a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humor that was heavy enough to go by freight:

"Dear Sir—I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are bound to be very good—or she is.—Your, etc."

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after

writing on the margin, "She is."—Lippincott's.

A PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT.

A member of the County Council of a small German settlement in Nova Scotia had returned from visiting a neighboring town. He was much impressed by the comfort and luxury of their council chamber and, at the first meeting of the local board, dilated upon the contrast between their own uncomfortable quarters and the signs of affluence among their neighbors. Besides other improvements he suggested the purchase of several cupidors, which he considered a useful institution, particularly in the winter season.

Hans Kirche, who had been slumbering near the roaring box-stove, was nudged into semi-wakefulness and asked, in a hoarse whisper, "What do ye think, Hans?"

With an assumption of keen interest he jumped to his feet, spat upon the floor and droned out, "Ja wohl! I tink dot iss a very goot idee, and I takes pleasure in nomintaing Jake Schmidt and Eitel Langberg as cupidors for de ensuing year."

A "ROAST" ALL AROUND.

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized, with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words, "Go home and turn off the gas!"—Lippincott's.



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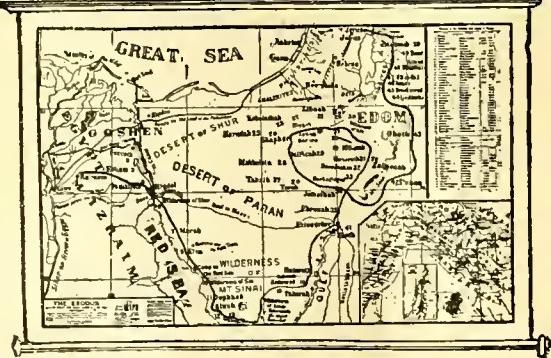
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